1607/5444

THE MAN-MIDWIFE UNMASQU'D:

BEING

The CASE of a certain *Young Lady*, who apply'd to the noted Doctor D—— for his Advice.

CONTAINING,

The Discourse that pass'd between the Fair Patient, and the Doctor —— His *Inspection into her Case* —— Her Attempt to *Indict* him for a *Rape* —— The *Questions* ask'd her by the *Jury*, with the *Lady's Answers* —— The *Deceit* discover'd, and the *Bill* return'd *Ignoramus*, &c. &c. &c.

LONDON,

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1607/5444.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 MAY 72

THE MAN-MIDWIFE UNMASQU'D, &c.

To the Tune of *Lumps of Pudding.*

I.

'TIS needleſs the Records of Time to explore,
Our own preſent Age has Examples in Store,
Of Miſchief that has by a Woman been done,
The worſt Sort of Miſchief now under the Sun:
Philoſophers, Lawyers, and Stateſmen agree,
And ev'ry Divine too of ev'ry Degree,
At the *Bottom of Miſchief* is always a *Woman*,
And *Miſchief* at *Bottom* of *Woman* is common.

II.

This Maxim allow'd then, we now ſhall proceed
To mention a comi and farcical Deed;
The primary Thought was a Trick, and no more,
A Device carried on by a plotting young W——;
The Scheme being laid, ſhe was ſure of the Prize,
Miſtake not, I don't mean the Scheme of Exciſe;
She wanted ſome Money, 'tis true, and ſome ——,
She fail'd of the firſt, but the latter had Luck in.

III.

Clad nice in Apparel, away trips my Lady,
In Fancy as fine as a Queen on a *May-Day*;

To

To a famous *Man-Midwife* Mock-majesty came,
And ask'd for —— for whom? Dr. *D*—— by Name.
She soon gain'd Admittance, nor had the young Fair
Scarce sat herself down, when the Doctor came there;
~~Surpriz'd at her~~ Beauty, the young *Don* did eye her,
And wish'd he might so happy prove, as to try her.

IV.

With Looks now demur, like a *Puritan Sinner*,
Who reflects on the Time when she was a *Beginner*;
Now blushing, now sighing, with Tears trickling down,
Inclining, yet fearful, her Cause to make known;
Half Sentences utter'd, then seem'd to recant;
Quoth the Doctor, fair Lady, what is it you want?
Then squeezing her Hand, said, your Mind, pray discover,
I find o'er your Heart something heavy does hover.

V.

Says she, since I find that I nought must conceal,
My dread Apprehensions I now will reveal;
And therefore, good Doctor, the Truth I now tell y',
Methinks there is *Something alive in my Belly.*
You easily guess by what Means, quoth the Fair,
This Guest, that's so troublesome, *got Footing there,*
'Tis a *Slipp'ry Trick*, Mother *Eve* led us to it,
The *Critical Minute soon tempts us to do it.*

VI.

She blush'd, and immediately *hung down her Head*,
And look'd as with *Shame* she had been half dead;
The Doctor perceiv'd it, and laugh'd in his Sleeve,
Well pleas'd he had met with this Daughter of *Eve*;
His Blood was inflam'd, by her powerful Charms,
He wish'd to expire a While in *her Arms*;
Then, pausing, concluded, that he must carress *Her*;
And quickly did find out a Way to possess *Her.*

VII. Says

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VII.

Says he, *I perceive, Lady fair, that your Caſe*
May ſoon be attended with Shame and Diſgrace,
Unleſs 'tis prevented; I'll do what I can,
And may venture to ſay, *you will find me a Man:*
A Man both of *Judgment* and *Skill* I do mean,
By *Judgment* and *Skill* I my *Credit* maintain:
But then in each Point you muſt *follow Direction,*
And as your Caſe lies, muſt admit of *Inſpection.*

VIII.

The Nymph then reply'd, I'll be rul'd, Sir, by you,
What *Method* you judge the moſt proper purſue;
But firſt I deſire, before you begin,
To think on the *hapleſs Condition* I'm in.
The Doctor then anſwer'd, you need not to doubt,
What I *put in with Eaſe, with Eaſe will come out.*
I do nothing *raſhly*, but always at *Leiſure*,
Then ſtart not when I ſhall *ſearch into your* Treaſure.

IX.

Good Doctor, you'll find me a Patient, quoth ſhe,
That's all over *Paſſive*, as paſſive can be;
Yet if you ſhou'd venture too far to advance,
Perhaps you may make me to twitter and prance;
But do what you will, I am at your Devotion,
And when you direct me, will follow your *Motion*;
Reſiſtance I hate, and for ever diſclaim,
But *Paſſive-Obedience* was always my Aim.

X.

Up Stairs the grave Doctor with Joy did conduct her,
And now I will tell you how fairly he ——— ;
Then into a Chamber, the Nymph, by him led,
Was, with her Conſent, quickly laid on the Bed.
Well-pleas'd in his Mind, with a fluttering Heart,
The Doctor reſolv'd now to ſhew all his Art;
To give Demonſtration that he did reſpect *Her*,
He kneel'd down before her, and then did *Inſpect Her.*

XI.

He first did begin *here and there* for to peep,
As mute lay the Nymph, as if she were a-sleep;
Temptation was strong, and he cou'd not forbear,
But with Vigour attack'd, in the Center, the Fair.
In a Minute he found she began for to move;
All o'er he was fire, all o'er she was Love.
O, Doctor! said She, fie, what is it you're doing?
I prithee give over, for now — now — *I'm going.*

XII.

The Battle onee over, the Danger was past,
As the Doctor imagin'd, but reckon'd too fast;
Half breathless a While he did lie on the Spot,
And the Figure he made, sure, will ne'er be forgot.
The Nymph, as with Reason you well might suppose,
To cover her Legs, quickly pull'd down her Clothes,
Yet heartily wish'd he *once more* wou'd *Inspect Her*,
Her Wish was in vain, for he now did *neglect her.*

XIII.

She view'd him all o'er, with an Air of *Disdain*,
What gave her some *Pleasure*, soon gave her more *Pain*:
She was, it is certain, well Larrienmpoop'd,
But vex'd to behold him so suddenly *coop'd.*
The Doctor *recover'd*, and offer'd his Hand
To lead her down Stairs; like a Mute she did stand.
She refus'd him with Rage in her Looks I assure y',
And now was the *Venus* chang'd into a *Fury.*

XIV.

Surpriz'd was the Doctor, but wou'd not complain,
What he eagerly sought, he with Ease did obtain;
Yet still there was *one Thing* in which he was scant,
For *Money* was what the *Nymph chiefly did want.*
His Time he had *wasted*, nor wou'd he *spend more*;
He deem'd her a *surly*, an *ill-natur'd* ——;
His *Appetite cloy'd*, she's no *longer regarded*,
But us'd with *Contempt*, and with *Shame was discarded.*

XV. Thus

XV.

Thus baulk'd of her Prey, and ill-treated withal;
To aid and assist her on Hell she does call;
Revenge she does vow, nothing less will suffice
Her *Rage* to asswage, than his Life to *Excise*.
'Tis readily granted she was not a *Maid*,
But still for her Labour she ought to be paid.
The Doctor must own he at first did *kock-under*;
What then? why Ingratitude is not a Wonder.

XVI.

Observe now what Method this Creature did take,
A Method that soon made the Doctor to quake;
Who wish'd he had given whate'er she requir'd,
Or double the Sum that her Heart had desir'd.
He now rues the Time he *Inspected That fame*,
Or play'd at *All fours*, so common a *Game*.
A Bill of Indictment she brings in a *Fury*,
And swore, *she was ravish'd*, before the *Grand-Jury*.

XVII.

This Matter a While did admit of Debate,
At length she was order'd her Tale to relate.
The Questions were gravely put to her, which she
As gravely did answer, for grave she cou'd be.
Pray Madam, said one, tell us where was the Place,
When first to the Doctor you *open'd your* Case?
What was it he said, and where did he *abuse* you?
Remember you swore he did *shamefully use you*.

XVIII.

I went to the *Doctor*, and made my *Complaint*,
He look'd so *demure*, that I thought him a *Saint*:
But oh! a mere *Devil* he soon did appear,
By him I'm undone, as you *quickly shall hear*.
Young Lady, quoth he, I will tell you, your Case
Must by me be examin'd, but not in this Place:
I say, 'tis a Thing *that requires Inspection*,
And you must *with Patience* abide my *Direction*.

XIX. Then

XIX.

Then up to his Chamber, by him I was led,
And *gently he laid me along on the Bed:*
And I, a *poor Innocent*, thought it *no Harm*,
Till I felt something in me, which prov'd to be *warm*.
I *struggled*, and did *All I cou'd* —— but in vain,
For *great was my Sorrow*, and *greater my Pain*:
I strove to cry out, but *no Noise cou'd I make*,
He Tipt me the Velvet, *and I cou'd not Speak*.

XX.

Quoth the *Don*, *Your Expression to us pray explain*,
And say what, *by* Tipping the Velvet, *you mean*.
He put, Sir, his Tongue in my Mouth, she reply'd,
And I verily thought, that I then shou'd have dy'd.
Says the *Don*, *Have you Teeth? why did you not bite?*
Quoth she, *That wou'd sure have been look't on as Spite*.
The Jury returned the Bill *Ignoramus*,
And the Doctor has now got a Name that is famous.

FINIS.

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